Vol. II. No 42. Total 94.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *October* 16, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

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(CONTINUED.)

—

CHAP. V.

He's handsome, valiant, young;
And looks as he were laid in Nature's bait,
To catch weak woman's eyes. *DRYDEN.*

ONE day, while Lady Barome was enjoying her usual stroll with Matilda upon the parapet, they distinguished from afar a party of horsemen advancing towards the castle. Two, habited in a superior manner, were engaged apart, and seemed in earnest conversation.

"What means all this?" cried Lady Barome, shrieking with dread: "I fear it bodes no good.—'Tis De Lacy; he comes, I dread, with no good intent."

Returning rather precipitately, her foot slipped, and she fell with some violence against the moulding which surrounded the parapet, and received a contusion on her head, which bled copiously: Matilda bound it with her handkerchief, and conducted her to her chamber. The numbness occasioned by the pain threw her into a dose, and Matilda quitted her for a moment to peruse a book.—Passing through the gallery, she instinctively stopped opposite her favourite picture. Again she examined it with scrupulous attention:—

"Charming Valtimond!" she exclaimed, involuntarily: "can such a countenance conceal a depraved heart?—Impossible!—Surely, were he to behold the suffering lady, he would be melted into compassion.—Ah! would I could be convinced that he were as amiable as the canvas presents him attractive!"

"Who could be otherwise when attending to so sweet a monitress?" cried a voice from behind, which almost caused her to sink to the earth.

Turning, she beheld a youth whose features and figure soon convinced her that he was the original of the picture she had been admiring. Her quick glance struck respect into him. His first address had seemed to betray a deficiency of politeness; and sinking on his knee, he caught her hand, and with a soft persuasive tone, continued:

"In Valtimond de Lacy behold one who pities, and is willing to relieve, the sorrows of the unfortunate Lady Barome, as far as his duty to a parent and sovereign will permit."

Matilda's confusion and surprise was at first so great, that she could not directly recover herself sufficiently to reply in the manner she would have wished. At length she withdrew her hand with an air of assumed severity, saying——

"For your purposed kindness, Sir, in the name of Lady Barome, I return you thanks; be assured, however, that you shall never be reduced by us to the necessity you imply. But rise from your suppliant posture; it but ill accords with your rank.—I am but a domest[illegible] in this family; excuse me, then, if I withdraw. Your business may require privacy, and my attendance may be necessary upon my lady."

With a reserved curtsey she then quitted the gallery, leaving Valtimond astonished at the beauty of her person, and the dignity of her mein. He had, from motives of curiosity, wandered to that part of the castle, in hopes of catching a glimpse of Lady Barome, whose stay, with all the palliation given when related to him, greatly interested his feelings, and he determined to be of service to her.

Matilda, breathless with agitation, returned to the apartment of Lady Barome, and, finding her awake, related to her what had passed.

"Who knows," said that lady to her, "but heaven has raised us up a friend in this young man!—my heart whispers me that he is generous and feeling."

"So does mine," thought Matilda, "but I dare not trust its pleadings."

In the evening they again took their ramble on the battlements, and with no small surprise saw the whole cavalcade depart; De Lacy having had but one short interview with his prisoner, in which she affected great indisposition.

"Alas!" said Lady Barome, "all our hopes are futile!—Valtimond has thought no more of us. Perhaps we have been deceived in our opinion of him."

Matilda sighed: her eyes pursued the horsemen; and a tear of mingled disappointment and despair trickled down her cheek. Complaining of the coldness of the night air, Lady Barome consented to return; and shortly after, neither being disposed for conversation, they retired to rest.

Matilda in vain strove to sleep: a thousand ideas painful and oppressive, obtruded on her mind, and kept her waking the whole night. At an early hour she rose, and, to divert her uneasiness, repaired to the gallery; when, to her infinite astonishment, Valtimond, whom she supposed to be far distant, was the first object that met her eye!—She turned, covered with blushes, and would have retired. He eagerly caught her gown:

—"Why, lovely girl, this abhorrence of De Lacy!—why fly a friend who only wishes to serve you?"

'Oh, sir,' cried Matilda, 'do not detain me: this is not language for me to hear. I beseech you to let me go;—Lady Barome is waiting for me.'

'Then conduct me to that lady,' said Valtimond, 'let me personally assure her of my intentions in her favour. I would fain impart consolation to her wounded mind.'

Matilda paused a few moments, unresolved in what manner it would be most prudent to act. After some hesitation, she said:—

'Pardon, Sir, my irresolution, if it gives offence, I shall be concerned, but our situation is peculiarly delicate. However, placing the fullest confidence in your honour, I comply with your request:—follow me:

She then proceeded, followed by Valtimond, to the great chamber, at the door of which they met Lady Barome, who had risen, and, impatient at the absence of her young companion, hastened to seek her.—She started at the first sight of the stranger who accompanied her; but soon guessing who it was, with calm dignity demanded his business.

The countenance of Valtimond, hitherto flushed with hope, now fell.——'Alas, madam,' cried he, 'how shall I be able to deprecate your anger, for the presumption I have been guilty of in thus obtruding on your privacy! I have, though unknown, unfortunately incurred your displeasure. I see, by the coldness and disdain withwhich you treat me, that you think me arrogant and unfeeling. Believe me, I came not here to offer you insult, but to convince you, by the most fervent protestations, that you have but to command me.'

Convinced, by the respectful manner of his address, and the expression of ingenuousness upon his countenance, that he was interested in their welfare, Lady Barome extended her hand to him in token of friendship: he prest it to his lips, and vowed, with energy, to protect her with his life from injury. They soon became mutually pleased with each other, he having first obtained permission to visit them next day, to contrive plans for their future welfare.

Valtimond waited upon them the next day, and Lady Barome acquainted him with those circumstances of which he was ignorant; as, also, with the history of Matilda, concealing only the name of Arthur de Warenne.—He heard her with emotion, and again renewed his offers of service, of which, Lady Barome immediately availed herself.

Fixing her eyes with expressive earnestness on his face, she said—'I believe your protestations sincere;—prove my conjecture;—just liberate us from this confinement;—you have the power.'

Valtimond started; he turned pale; and his whole frame shook with visible agony. He could only articulate—'Fatal request!'—then, striking his forehead, he could only articulate—'Idiot that I was!—Could I not have foreseen this!' He then rose from his seat, and traversed the room with hasty and irregular steps: then, reseating himself, and turning to Lady Barome—'Severely indeed, madam,' said he, 'have you tried my friendship. Think not, however, that my reluctance to comply with your demand, proceeds from personal apprehension—far from it:—I am apprehensive that you would not find the plan you propose so entirely devoid of evil as you seem to imagine. Your friends are all scattered, and, should I liberate you, it must be under the solemn restriction, not to attempt a recovery of your rights until public affairs are more tranquil. Judge then should you be pursued and taken, what you have to apprehend from the vengeance of my father, and the resentment of incensed majesty?—What could two beautiful and defenceless females do in such a situation?—Ah! rather let me persuade you to continue where you are, at least a short time longer. Nothing shall be omitted by me that can contribute to your ease or comfort: you shall enjoy unlimited liberty, and, by your generous forbearance, confer upon me the highest obligation."

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'You do indeed distress me!' exclaimed Valtimond.

'How am I to act?' rejoined Lady Barome. 'Why did your generosity prompt you to encourage hopes which your resolution would not serve you to realize?—A time may come when I can make you reparation for the service you may render me.'

'Talk not of reparation, madam!' cried Valtimond, with an energy that made her start:—'that is impossible!'

''Tis well, young man,' said Lady Barome, with indignation, 'we are your captives. You may sport with the feelings of an unhappy woman with impunity!'

'Dear madam!' said the terrified Matilda.

'Gracious Heaven!' interrupted he, wildly, 'have I deserved this?—Yes, madam, you shall be obliged!—but, alas! pardon and pity my desperation!'

He rushed out of the room, leaving Matilda petrified with terror. The exertions she had made was too much for Lady Barome; and she fell into hysterics, out of which it was a considerable time before she recovered. Matilda was herself very weak and low; she felt her heart strongly interested in favour of young De Lacy, and she trembled lest he should fall a sacrifice to the fury of his father. She, however, received some satisfaction from learning of Lady Barome, that it was her intention to pass over into Ireland, and seek refuge with her sister, where, in all probability, she might find her husband; and Matilda waited the return of Valtimond with impatience.

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Lady Barome rose from her seat; she extended her hands to him, while she could no longer restrain her tears.—'Generous youth!—my prayers, with those of Matilda, shall always be for your happiness.'

'Refrain, I entreat you,' he replied, 'this kindness: I can better bear your anger; that but excited me to prove myself worthy; this shews me the irreparable loss I am about to sustain.'—Then, taking the parcel—'Here,' he continued, 'are two peasant's dresses; in these you may pass the borders in safety; and in the channel are vessels bound for any part.—In two hours I will attend you.'

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THE following narrative was written by a gentleman, who was an eye witness to the whole of the cruel and superstitious ceremony, and may be relied upon as a fact. It took place on Sunday the 6th of July, 1798.

"An upright post, about forty feet high, was pitched in the ground, on which a cross pole of upwards of twice that length turned by a pivot; long ropes was fastened to each end of this pole, and at one of them a kind of canopy, adorned with feſtoons and bunches of flowers; where this cannopied end came to the ground, a small ſcaffold of eight or nine feet was raiſed: beſides the circular motion on the pivot, the croſs pole had a perpendicular one; ſo that each end might be elevated at pleaſure by means of the affixed ropes.

Around this apparatus ſtood innumerable crowds of Indians of all deſcriptions, in anxious expectation of the hero who was to ſignalize himſelf in honour of the Goddeſs. In the mean time, the Tari, the Nagâsam, the Dammay, the Tom-tom, all the et cætera of Braminee muſic, kept up a continual clangor. At every four or five minutes, a volley of the noiſy kind of fire-works was diſcharged; and the family of the man about to be ſuſpended, highly bedaubed with Turmarique, and, loaded with flowers, were led in proceſſion round the machine, in the midſt of the reiterated cries of the multitude. On one ſide was exalted the throne of the goddeſs; on which ſhe ſat, nearly hidden by flowers, and ſurrounded by officiating Bramins.

At laſt the devotee appeared. The tumult of the inſtruments, the fire-works, and the ſpectators, redoubled. In the fleſhy part of the back, near the bone, and about four inches from the ſhoulder, were infixed two apparently ſilver hooks; ſuch in form and ſize, as are on large ſteel yards; to them were faſtened thick yellow ſtrings. For fixing theſe in the back, wounds muſt have been made at leaſt an inch long, and four in number; for their points came quite through. He aſcended the ſcaffold; a ſmall Tom-tom was put into his hand; the hook-ſtrings were tied round the end of the pole, under the canopy; and his great toes placed in a kind of ſlings, at a convenient diſtance; ſo that he lay in the air, as a man ſwimming on the water. When he mounted the ſcaffold, he ſeemed to tremble; and when raiſed into the air, as he immediately was on everything being adjuſted under the canopy, he for ſome time kept faſt hold on the long rope proceeding from the end of the pole. But this he ſoon quitted, and amuſed himſelf in beating his Tom-tom, and ſcattering the flowers which covered him among the people below. At firſt my blood ran cold, and I could not ſee without horror and indignation the mangled fleſh and haggard looks of this victim of ſuperſtition: but when he was arrived at the utmoſt height of his ærial elevation, and had quitted the rope, he ſeemed ſo much at his eaſe, that I could not forbear joining in the general acclamation, and in ſome degree enjoying the ſport. He might be raiſed, perhaps, fifty or ſixty feet from the ground.

The bunches and feſtoons he caſt down caused a general ſcramble among the crowd; each member of which ſeemed ardently deſirous to acquire ſome portion, however trifling, of this ſacred relic. All this while, the pole was impelled round the pivot it moved on, by a number of people at the depreſſed end of it. At laſt, after having been in the air ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, he withdrew his toes entirely out of the ſlings, and hung ſuſpended *only* by the fleſh and muſcles of his back. This continued about five minutes more; at the end of which time he tore down and diſtributed the remainder of his flowers, when he was let down amidſt the again repeated triumphant applauſe of the whole aſſembly, the firing of rockets, &c. and the noiſe of the muſic; ſo that the whole of his ſuſpenſion was finiſed in fifteen or twenty minutes. It is worthy of remark, that each time he came during his airy rounds, to the quarter where the throne of the goddeſs was placed, he reverentially joined his hands, and touched his forehead, and ceaſed, till he was paſſed, pulling the flowers. Unluckily, notwithſtanding all my endeavours, I could not procure any of theſe; but could however, diſtinguiſh that they were of three or four different ſpecies; among which, the Mallagi, a ſmall white flower, ſtrongly ſcented, predominated. This latter is uſed in all the Brahminee ceremonies, worn by the dancing girls, diſtributed at weddings, and held in general eſteem on account of its ſuppoſed ſanctity.

This ſtrange ceremony, which, by the natives is called Chadil, has it origin in the following circumſtances, and is certainly a ſevere yoke impoſed on them by their religious poets:—Cladiyâtta was born of mortal parents of the Sooder caſt, and of that tribe, whoſe excluſive employment is to fiſh in rivers and lakes. The God Iswaran or Seeva fell in love with her; and, notwithſtanding the lowneſs of her origin, married and carried her to heaven. For ſome offence however ſhe was, after a while, baniſhed from thence, but ſoon again reſtored; and it is in commemoration of this reconciliation, or to expiate the fault which occaſioned her baniſhment, that the people of her (or the Pully) caſt undergo this and many other penances: ſo that it is no fortunate thing to have a goddeſs in the family. This expiation is annually repeated (tho', I believe, not in all places in the ſame ſeaſon); for the goddeſs is ſuppoſed to deſcend at the anniverſary, and not to re-aſcend till all the due atonements, ceremonies, intercessions, &c. are juſtly performed by her relatives.

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"An upright poſt, about forty feet high, was pitched in the ground, on which a croſs pole of upwards of twice that length turned by a pivot; long ropes was faſtened to each end of this pole, and at one of them a kind of canopy, adorned with feſtoons and bunches of flowers; where this cannopied end came to the ground, a ſmall ſcaffold of eight or nine feet was raiſed: beſides the circular motion on the pivot, the croſs pole had a perpendicular one; ſo that each end might be elevated at pleaſure by means of the affixed ropes.

Around this apparatus ſtood innumerable crowds of Indians of all deſcriptions, in anxious expectation of the hero who was to ſignalize himſelf in honour of the Goddeſs. In the mean time, the Tari, the Nagâsam, the Dammay, the Tom-tom, all the et cætera of Braminee muſic, kept up a continual clangor. At every four or five minutes, a volley of the noiſy kind of fire-works was diſcharged; and the family of the man about to be ſuſpended, highly bedaubed with Turmarique, and, loaded with flowers, were led in proceſſion round the machine, in the midſt of the reiterated cries of the multitude. On one ſide was exalted the throne of the goddeſs; on which ſhe ſat, nearly hidden by flowers, and ſurrounded by officiating Bramins.

At laſt the devotee appeared. The tumult of the inſtruments, the fire-works, and the ſpectators, redoubled. In the fleſhy part of the back, near the bone, and about four inches from the ſhoulder, were infixed two apparently ſilver hooks; ſuch in form and ſize, as are on large ſteel yards; to them were faſtened thick yellow ſtrings. For fixing theſe in the back, wounds muſt have been made at leaſt an inch long, and four in number; for their points came quite through. He aſcended the ſcaffold; a ſmall Tom-tom was put into his hand; the hook-ſtrings were tied round the end of the pole, under the canopy; and his great toes placed in a kind of ſlings, at a convenient diſtance; ſo that he lay in the air, as a man ſwimming on the water. When he mounted the ſcaffold, he ſeemed to tremble; and when raiſed into the air, as he immediately was on everything being adjuſted under the canopy, he for ſome time kept faſt hold on the long rope proceeding from the end of the pole. But this he ſoon quitted, and amuſed himſelf in beating his Tom-tom, and ſcattering the flowers which covered him among the people below. At firſt my blood ran cold, and I could not ſee without horror and indignation the mangled fleſh and haggard looks of this victim of ſuperſtition: but when he was arrived at the utmoſt height of his ærial elevation, and had quitted the rope, he ſeemed ſo much at his eaſe, that I could not forbear joining in the general acclamation, and in ſome degree enjoying the ſport. He might be raiſed, perhaps, fifty or ſixty feet from the ground.

The bunches and feſtoons he caſt down caused a general ſcramble among the crowd; each member of which ſeemed ardently deſirous to acquire ſome portion, however trifling, of this ſacred relic. All this while, the pole was impelled round the pivot it moved on, by a number of people at the depreſſed end of it. At laſt, after having been in the air ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, he withdrew his toes entirely out of the ſlings, and hung ſuſpended *only* by the fleſh and muſcles of his back. This continued about five minutes more; at the end of which time he tore down and diſtributed the remainder of his flowers, when he was let down amidſt the again repeated triumphant applauſe of the whole aſſembly, the firing of rockets, &c. and the noiſe of the muſic; ſo that the whole of his ſuſpenſion was finiſed in fifteen or twenty minutes. It is worthy of remark, that each time he came during his airy rounds, to the quarter where the throne of the goddeſs was placed, he reverentially joined his hands, and touched his forehead, and ceaſed, till he was paſſed, pulling the flowers. Unluckily, notwithſtanding all my endeavours, I could not procure any of theſe; but could however, diſtinguiſh that they were of three or four different ſpecies; among which, the Mallagi, a ſmall white flower, ſtrongly ſcented, predominated. This latter is uſed in all the Brahminee ceremonies, worn by the dancing girls, diſtributed at weddings, and held in general eſteem on account of its ſuppoſed ſanctity.

This ſtrange ceremony, which, by the natives is called Chadil, has it origin in the following circumſtances, and is certainly a ſevere yoke impoſed on them by their religious poets:--Cladiyâtta was born of mortal parents of the Sooder caſt, and of that tribe, whoſe excluſive employment is to fiſh in rivers and lakes. The God Iswaran or Seeva fell in love with her; and, notwithſtanding the lowneſs of her origin, married and carried her to heaven. For ſome offence however ſhe was, after a while, baniſhed from thence, but ſoon again reſtored; and it is in commemoration of this reconciliation, or to expiate the fault which occaſioned her baniſhment, that the people of her (or the Pully) caſt undergo this and many other penances: ſo that it is no fortunate thing to have a goddeſs in the family. This expiation is annually repeated (tho', I believe, not in all places the ſame ſeaſon); for the goddeſs is ſuppoſed to deſcend at the anniverſary, and not to re-aſcend till all the due atonement ceremonies, intercеſſions, &c. are juſtly performed by her relatives.

[Proposals were issued in the last No. of the Repository for publishing "*The Female Mentor*" the intended publisher is Mr. Hoff, of this city. The work first made its appearance in England, a few years ago, and is composed of miscellaneous pieces, partly original and partly selected. A few extracts from it will, we think, be gratifying to our female readers; while the whole is recommended to their perusal. It will be ready for delivery to subscribers in a few weeks.]

On Novels.

(From the FEMALE MENTOR.*)*

THIS afternoon it was debated, whether we should permit the reading of *Novels*. Different opinions were advanced, and there seemed to be no probability of coming to a decision, till we all turned to Amanda, our *Female Mentor*.—She expressed herself in the following manner:

"The present rage for novels, and your particular application to me, lead me to make remarks upon the general effects, that may arise from the frequent perusal of these publications. There are books of this description which deserve the highest commendation; and when we meet with characters struggling with magnanimity under complicated distresses, we may be led to think that they are examples worthy of imitation. But whether these details are conducive to the advantage of the two sexes or not, ought to be fully investigated. As the character of a man and woman ought to be widely different, in like manner their education, which has so strong an influence on their characters, should be, in many particulars, totally dissimilar; hence it follows, that what is beneficial to one sex may be detrimental to the other; and this obvious conclusion will assist in solving the question concerning the advantage or disadvantage of novels towards forming the youthful and unexperienced mind. I am of opinion that it is very desirable for a young man to form an attachment to a virtuous woman. Such a passion calls forth the noblest feelings, raises in his mind an emulation to make himself worthy of the beloved object, and is often the means of inducing him to apply with increased diligence to any particular profession, business or science, which may promote his success in life. Every sort of reading, therefore, which awakens the feelings of virtuous love in his breast, may safely and prudently be encouraged.

"But when I consider a girl, who is ly entering into life with a susceptiheart, instead of recommending novels eneral to her perusal, I would strongly ssuade her from reading them. Women's uations are very delicate; their inclinaon, when of the purest kind, lead them to wish to please, and to become an object of love to one amiable and respectable character of the other sex; to one alone their wishes ought to be bounded, and they ever will be so, in women that are truly amiable. Should we even allow, that the generality of novels are written without the least indelicacy, yet as their only subject is love, why should we wish to lead the mind to that disposition, which nature is sufficiently ready to supply without art! There is always one hero, on whom the heroine fixes her inclination. The girl who is conversant with this species of composition will expect to find such an hero in the world; the first man who pays her any particular attention, will soon make an impression upon her already-prepared heart; and she will conclude, that her partiality is founded on a laudable object. But when a man is assiduous in his attention, and seems attached, ought she always to flatter herself that he is in earnest? he appears to like her now; will he continue in the same inclination? may not a little time dissipate his partiality? some other woman may supply her place, or if he should remain constant, some pecuniary or prudent consideration may prevent his making a declaration; or perhaps, which is a still harder case, he may only sport with her feelings. Do not these circumstances, which happen every day, render it very imprudent in women to work themselves up to such a height of enthusiasm for one beloved object, as to preclude the possibility of their listening to another, who may have the power and the inclination to make them happy?

"A very sensible woman of my acquaintance once honestly confessed to me, that of all the books she had ever read, the novel of Sir Charles Grandison had done her most harm. On expressing my surprise that a publication which set virtue in so amiable a light, should have been productive of harm to a delicate mind, as I knew hers to be; she replied, that she had perused it before she came into life, and that when she was introduced into the world, she expected to have found in some lover a character similar to that of Richardson's hero; that for some time she had been in a state of continual disappointment and mortification, which prevented her from excepting several offers that would otherwise have appeared highly advantageous and proper. These romantic notions did not leave her, till it was too late:—'And I have now,' she added, 'the felicity of being an old maid."

"I am of opinion, that not more than one woman in fifty has it in her power to marry the man whom she really would prefer to all others. Women are to conceal their feelings, although they like any of the other sex, or they will appear bold and become objects of ridicule; and a lady of delicacy would rather die, than first disclose her partiality.

"Such being the situation of women, I would recommend them to read history in preference to novels, and to cultivate any particular pursuit to which their genius leads them. By having their minds properly occupied, they will be in less danger of forming a romantic attachment; or if they should be caught in the snare unexpectedly, and should have fixed their affections where they can meet with no return, they may, by calling reason to their aid, have strength of mind sufficient to enable them to drive from their thoughts, a person, whom it may be necessary for their peace to think of no more.

"If I were desired," Amanda added with a smile, "to recommend any novel to the younger part of my sex, it should be the Female Quixote, in which a rich, amiable, and beautiful young woman had so filled her head with romances and novels, that she fancied every man who approached her a lover in disguise, and every common incident of life an adventure. After having narrowly escaped falling a victim to her own extravagant conceptions of love and chivalry, she had the good fortune to be cured of her distemper, to become a rational being, and to renounce the perusal of those publications which led her astray."

Amanda did not positively give it as her opinion, that no novels should be permitted to be read in this society; yet as she implied that they were pernicious to the female sex in general, and as there were many young ladies present, the assembly agreed to reject that species of reading.

Still further as an apology for this decision, Cleora, a young married woman in her twenty-third year, who possessed a natural vivacity, and aptness of introducing things apropos, related the following anecdote: "A young lady who lived in a retired part of Scotland, but who had friends residing in Edinburgh, employed her time so entirely in perusing novels and romances, that she contracted a dislike to history or any serious reading. Her friend, who was accustomed to supply her with books, being absent from Edinburgh, requested a gentleman, upon whose taste she could rely, to send her a novel or romance; the gentleman forwarded Plutarch's Lives, as ideal characters; she read part of them with satisfaction, till she came to Alexander and Julius Cesar, *names that she had accidently heard*, upon which she returned the books to the gentleman in disgust, and reproached him for the deception."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

THE destruction of a pair of *Mr. Dayton's* silk stockings, as noticed in your paper, being attended with circumstances unaccountable to men of science, (as far as I know) it may seem presumptuous for one so little acquainted with philosophy as myself, to hazard even a conjecture on the subject; however, being desirous of information, I shall present a few questions and observations to your readers; which, I trust, will call forth the attention of others to an investigation of this extraordinary circumstance.

In the first place, I believe the articles in question were both electrics:—What then occasioned the snapping and sparkling noticed by *Mr. Dayton*, on separating them? or, do these effects take place on separating two electrics?—Further, how did it happen that while separating them, his hand, and consequently his body, did not receive the fluid; the human body being an excellent conductor?

If snapping and sparkling be known not to follow the separation of electrics; then there must have been a conducting quality in the silk—How could it have obtained it? I am sorry the observer does not inform us of the colour of the stockings; if they were coloured ones, might not the substance used in dying, have given them a conducting quality, at least great enough to enable them to receive the fluid from the woollen ones? for it is well known that in black dye, considerable quantity of copperas is made use of, which is made of ferruginous substances, and it is very possible that metallic substances form a part in the composition of other dyes. I know not whether any of the suppositions I have formed, are consistent with the principles of philosophy, but be it as it may, I hope some of your learned correspondents, will endeavour to give more solid reasons for the phenomenon, than, Sir,

Your friend,
ENQUIRER.

A DESIRE of information has induced me to ask a few more questions on a different subject, which I hope will also be satisfactorily answered.

A cannon is frequently fired over that part of a stream where the body of a drowned person is supposed to have sunk, in order to raise it to the surface of the water.—*Quere*, Is this done (as it is said) to break the gall-bladder? if it is, how does the breaking of this vessel cause the body to float, which it would not do before? does it make it lighter by expanding the surface? or in what manner is the effect produced? E.

From the New-York Spectator.

LIFE OF MAN.

"What is the life of man? Is it not to shift from side to side—from sorrow to sorrow—to button up one cause of vexation, and unbutton another?" T. SHANDY.

LET us view the life of man in all its shapes, and we will find if he is rich, he will sometimes give way to vice and vanity—if poor, will sometimes be industrious, religious and charitable. Some who are rich will look out for those who stand in need of their riches; and some who are poor will never try to gain a comfortable living, but bring up their children in the same slothful manner which they themselves follow.—Wealth is the only thing the generality of men seek after; when they are fortunate enough to obtain it, they do not know what to do with it, will either lose it at a gambling table, or drink it up at a tavern.

An industrious man, with a good trade, will always get a comfortable living; but a rich man, with no kind of industry or humanity, and who lets his vanity guide his veracity, will never be happy, and finally die a beggar in the street.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

FROM DANTE'S INFERNO—A FACT.

UGOLINO, a Florentine Count, had been imprisoned, with his four children, by the *archbishop* Rugguri; and after his deliverance, thus relates the horrors of his prison:

"The hour approached when we expected to have something brought us to eat; but, instead of seeing any food appear. *I heard the doors of that most horrible dungeon more closely barred.* I beheld my little children *in silence* and could not weep. My heart was petrified. The little wretches wept: and my dear Anselm said *tu guardi si, padre che hai? Father, you look upon us, what ails you?* I could neither weep nor answer; and continued swallowed up in *silent agony*, all that day, and the following night, even till the dawn of the day.

"As soon as a glimmering ray darted through the doleful prison, that I could see again *those faces, in which my own image was impressed, I gnawed both my hands* with grief and rage.

"My children, believing I did this thro' eagerness to eat, raising themselves suddenly up, said to me, "My father! *our* torments would be less, if you would allay the rage of your hunger upon us." I restrained myself that I might not increase their misery.

"*We were all silent that day and the following.*

"The fourth day being come, Gaddoo, falling extended at my feet, cried, *pedre moi, che non ni ajute? My father why do you not help me? and died!*

"The other three expired, one after the other, between the fifth and sixth day, famished as thou now seest me. And I *being seized with blindness*, began to go, *groping upon them with my hands and feet; and and continued calling upon them, by their names, three days after they were dead:* then *hunger vanquished my grief.*

An Original Tale.

[From the Phenix.]

PREVIOUS to the late war between this country and Great Britain, a British officer, by the name of Jones, an amiable and accomplished young man, resided near Fort Edward. His visits there become more frequent, when he found himself irresistibly drawn by the charms of native worth and beauty. Miss M'Kray, whose memory is dear to humanity and true affection, was the object of his perigrinations.

Mr. Jones had not taken the precautions necessary in hazardous love, but had manifested to the lady, by his constant attention, undissembled and ingenuous demeanor, that ardent affection, which a susceptible heart compelled her implicitly to return. In this mutual interchange of passions, they suffered themselves to be transported on the ocean of imagination, till the unwelcome necessity of a separation cut off every springing hope.

The different nations, of which they were members, were at war. A removal from this Elysium, was suggested to Mr. Jones, as indispensable.

Nothing could alleviate their mutual horror, but duty—nothing could allay their reciprocal grief, so as to render a separate corporeal existence tolerable, but solemn vows, with the idea of a future meeting. Mr. Jones repaired to Canada, where all intercourse with the Provincials was inhibited. Despair which presented itself in aggravated colours, when Gen. Burgoyne's expedition thro' the States was fixed, succeeded to his former hopes. The British army being encamped about three miles

rom the Fort, a descent was daily projecting. Here Mr. Jones could not but recognize the spot, on which rested all his joys. He figured to his mind the dread which his hostile approach must raise in the breast of her, whom of all others he thought it his highest interest to delight!

In spite of arrettes and commands to the contrary, he found means to secretly convey a letter, entreating her not to leave the town with her family, assuring her, that as soon as the fort should have surrendered, he would convey her to an asylum, where they might peaceably consummate the nuptial ceremony. Far from discrediting the sincerity of him who could not deceive her, she heroically refused to follow the flying villagers. The remonstrances of a father, or the tearful entreaties of a mother and numerous friends, could not avail! It was enough that her lover was her friend. She considered herself protected by the love and voluntary asseverations of her youthful hero. With the society of her servant maid, she impatiently waited the desired conveyance. Mr. Jones, finding the difficulty into which he was brought, at length, for want of a better convoy, hired a party of twelve Indians, to carry a letter to Miss M'Kray, with his own horse, for the purpose of carrying her to the place appointed. They set off, fired with the anticipation of their promised premium, which was to consist of a quantity of spirits, on condition that they brought her off in safety, which, to an Indian, was the most cogent stimulus the young lover could have named. Having arrived in view of her window, they sagaciously held up the letter, to prevent the fears and apprehensions which a savage knows he must excite, in the sight of tenderness and sensibility. Her faith and expectations enabled her to divine the meaning of these ferocious missionaries, while her frightened maid uttered nought but shrieks and cries. They arrived, and by their signs convinced her from whom they had their instructions.

If a doubt could remain, it was removed by the letter—it was from her lover. A *lock of his hair*, which it contained, presented his manly figure to her glowing fancy. This confirms a truth she had too well understood.

Here, reader, guess what must have been her extacy.—She resolved to brave every the most horrid aspect, which might appear between her and him, whom she considered already hers, without a sigh. She did not a moment hesitate to follow the wishes of her lover; and took journey with those bloody messengers, expecting very soon to be shielded in the arms of legitimate affection.

A short distance only then seemed to separate two of the happiest of mortals. Alas! how soon are the most brilliant pictures of felicity defaced by the blurring hand of affliction and woe! How swiftly are the halcyon dreams, which lull the supine indolence of thought, succeeded by the real pangs which are inflicted by a punishing Providence, or a persecuting foe!

Having risen the hill, at about equal distances from the camp and her former home, a second party of Indians, having heard of the captivating offer made by Mr. Jones, determined to avail themselves of the opportunity. The reward was the great object. A clashing of real and assumed rights was soon followed by a furious and bloody engagement, in which several were killed on each side. The commander of the first party, perceiving that nought but the *lady's death* could appease the fury of either, deliberately knocked her from her horse, mangling her scalp from her beautiful temples, which he exultingly bore as a trophy of his zeal, to the expectant and anxious lover! Here! O disappointment, was "thy sting." It was with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Jones could be kept from total delirium. His horror and indignation could not be appeased; his remorse for having risked his most valuable treasure in the hands of savages, drove him almost to madness.

When this reached General Burgoyne, he ordered the survivors of both these parties to immediate execution; and all those who would not subject themselves to martial law, he remanded back to Canada.

Miscellaneous Articles.

IN the treasury of one of the Kings of Persia was found a vase, with the following lines inlaid in letters of gold. One cannot but smile at the turn, in which is an equal proportion of philosophy and humour: "He who has no wealth has no credit;—he who has not an obedient wife has no repose;—he who has no offspring has no strength;—he who has no kindred has no supporters;—and he who has none of these, *lives free from care.*"

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Kolben relates in his voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, that when the ship touched at Braga near St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, that he purchased 100 sweet Oranges for half a paper of pins, and five fat fowls for the other half.

A very important secret in agriculture was made known, for the communication of which 200 gs. was previously subscribed. It is a preventive against the insect called the fly. "The discovery is to sow 2lb of radish on every acre of turnip land, with the turnips, which the inventor declares, will so attract the fly, as to prevent its proving at all injurious to the turnip." (*Lon. Pap.*)

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There are in the city of Paris 455 booksellers, 340 book-printers, 138 master bookbinders, 41 stitchers, 327 engravers, 85 copperplate printers, 49 print sellers, and 71 shops for retailing old books. The newspapers of Paris are not so many as before the consular government; the following are the numbers published daily of the following papers:

Moniteur, (official paper,)	20,000
Journal des Defenseurs (demi-off.)	10,000
Journal de Paris,	16,000
Publiciste,	14,000
Journal des Debats,	12,000
Clef du Cabinet,	6,000

The other papers, such as the old court paper, called Gazette de France, and the Journal du Commerce, Le Citoyen Franchaise, Journal du Soir, &c. from 5 to 2000. One paper exclusively devoted to advertisements, called Les Petits Affiches, prints 30,000 daily!

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Citizen Dolomieu who lately died in Paris, has left behind him a most interesting work, nearly completed, on the philosophy of Mineralogy. It was written during his confinement. The black created by the smoak of his lamp, diluted with water, served him for ink; his pen was a small bone, which with infinite labor, he ground on the flag stones of his cell; and the greater part of the work was transcribed on the margin, and between the lines of a few books they allowed him to keep. Some extracts from this work have appeared in the Miners Journal. It is to be regretted that the author did not live to finish it, as he intended to introduce a new classification into the science, and to improve the ancient nomenclature.

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On the 8th of May, in digging a new sluiceway at the upper end of Fairwater, at Dantzic, a ship was found buried in the ground, at the depth of about 20 feet. She measured from stem to stern in the inside, 54 feet, and in breadth nearly 20 feet, and was loaded with stones, marked H. L. No. V. to XII, some apparently intended for foundation stones, others finely polished and flat, supposed to be head stones for graves. A box of tobacco pipes was also found, all whole, with heads about the size of a thim-

ble, and stalks from four to six inches in length. The ship was built of oak, her planks about twenty inches broad, full of trenels, and no iron about her bands, a boat was found near, fallen to pieces. Many human bones were found in the hole, both fore and aft; and it is supposed that the vessel had been lost by some convulsion of nature, before the foundation of the city, upwards of five hundred years ago, as the place had long been built over. (*Lon. Pa.*

MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.

THE following is an extract of a letter written from the city of Lorca, (a large city of Spain in the kingdom of Murcia, situated on the river Guadalentin, about 20 miles from Carthagena) by one of its inhabitants, to his friend in this city, in which he gives an account of the dreadful accident which befel that city from the breaking the bank or mound, which was constructed a few years ago, to contain the rain-water for the purpose of watering the fields in the neighbourhood of that city.—The number drowned by this misfortune amounted to 6000.

"I make known to you, Sir, that on the last day of April, (which will be memorable for ages to come) at half past three in the afternoon, a youth ran into my house, and gave me the lamentable information that the bank had given away; he accompanied these expressions with so many tears, and such sobbing, that he could scarcely articulate, or I understand him. On receiving this fatal notice, I ran with great precipitation into the street, where I found a general commotion amongst the people, who I found were leaving their dwellings to put themselves in a place of safety. I returned to my house, and by my cries collected my wife, children, and family; they saw my trouble, we all ran precipitately to Calvario to escape the great danger which threatened us. We there found a considerable number of people filled with trouble and dread, calling upon God, and begging for mercy with loud cries and lamentations. I then saw vast quantities of water descending from the hills, which directed itself with the greatest fury imaginable towards San Diego, spreading itself over all the fields, having its general direction towards the olive-trees. I left my family at Calvario, and went to the street Delas Ceva, from thence I saw the water breaking down the Convent of Mercy; arriving at the gate of Bordeta, the market no longer appeared: I passed to the House de Miralles, they there told me that houses, families, and every thing else had been swept away from the Botica to the Quartel, on both sides. The water covered the hills, and carried away the whole population on the right of the fountain. Our corrigidor was in the palace directing assistance to be given—he was surrounded by many people; the generale was beat, and every thing was done for the tranquility of the people. At this time news was received that at the mill of Buena Vista, they had found the Lord Counsellor, who had been drowned; immediate orders were given to the people to bring his body; at 12 o'clock at night it was brought to Castillo. I repaired to the gate of St. Gines; I there saw that the steeple of the Convent of Mercy was threatened with ruin. I repaired to the gate of Don John Antonio Albuquerque, where at this season his wife and family reside; they had fled on horses. Monjour was commissioned to collect the dead bodies in the Ovala.

"At break of day the following morning we heard nothing but lamentations; some looking for their parents, others for their children; women seeking for their husbands; and all trying to unite their families. At the gates called St. Gines, we can no longer see the scites where the houses stood, every thing is desolation from the Convent of Mercy to the Hospital of Women; the houses carried away from the barrier alone are reckoned at 400, and what are left are greatly injured, as the water was in all the second stories. The sacred vessels of the Convent of Mercy were found at two leagues distance; the Church of San Christoval is not much injured, tho' the water was up to the cornices. San Diego is abandoned; the Saints are all removed; the same is the case with La Merced, because mud and trash are left in them two yards deep.—Every thing is taken from the Tower Merced, as it threatened to fall to ruin. Trenches are dug without the town, where they are going to bury the dead, without distinction of persons, and where they are now collecting them in carriages. All the fields and gardens, from the Garden de Garces to the road that passes this, have been a river. No habitations are left; people, animals, olive-trees, gardens, all have perished, and are ruined. It is fortunate the whole city did not suffer the same fate; this would have been the case if the bank had not given way where it did, and the water taken a direction to the left of San Diego. The Lord Counsellor might have been saved, as was the son of his assistant, and his servant, but he confided in his mules, and perished with them and his coachman. People are sent to Velez to grind grain; we have no longer any mills; of thirteen which we had, only that of Buena Vista remains, and that is injured; of oil-mills not one is left: of the greatest part of Santa Quiteria only the foundations are left. The rivulets and groves are full of timber and furniture.—The books and accounts of Ramon Garces were found at the farm-house at Stutullena, and 34,000 reals belonging to him also. As yet I have neither eat nor slept: all is confusion and dismay: all are weeping over the dreadful accident. At present I can send you no farther particulars on this subject, but I will venture to say, that the damage will be much greater when the waters have passed twenty leagues, which is the distance from hence to the sea, and when they have encountered Murcia, Orihuela, and other places in their way."

PHILADELPHIA,
OCTOBER 16, 1802.

The BENEVOLENT SOCIETY will meet this evening at 7 o'clock, at Mr. GETTY's School Room, adjoining the Presbyterian Church in Third-street.

The members are requested to be punctual in their attendance, or to send their subscriptions, which are now considerably in arrear. Those who have never paid their subscriptions, would do well to attend, and save their fines.

RICHARD WEVILL,
Secretary.

NEW-YORK, October 13.

THE city-clerk reports the death of 27 persons during the week, ending on the 11th inst. viz. Of consumption 2—disorders not mentioned 6—old age 3—worms 1—sprue 1—cholic 1—decline 1—consumption 4—childbed 1—palsey 1—relax 1—sudden death 1—fits 1—small-pox 1—dysentery 1—drowned 1. Of the whole number, 10 were adults, and 17 children.

Number of Interments in Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 1st to the 15th of October, ending each day at noon.

(Collected for the Board of Health.)

	Adults.	Child.	Total.
Oct. 1, to 8, inclusive,	50	17	67
—— 9,	3	2	5
——10, ——11,	14	5	19
——12,	4	2	6
——13,	2	2	4
——14,	4	3	7
——15,	6	1	7
TOTALS,	83	32	115

The City Hospital was closed on the 14th inst. there having been no admissions for several days before.

A few weeks ago, a man in York county, in this state, while employed mowing, observed a large snake that had crept up a bush,—he immediately whetted his scythe with a determination to cut it in two at a blow; but unfortunately in making the attempt, he lost his equilibrium, and the sweep of the instrument *severed his head from his body!*

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 21st ult. Mr. *John Lisle*, jun. merchant of this City, to *Miss Margaret Mark*, daughter of Mr. John Mark, of Jefferson County, Virginia

——, At Natchez, on the 19th August, Captain *Ferdinand L. Claiborne*, late of the 1st. U. S. Reg. to the amiable and accomplished Miss *Magdaline Hutchens*, daughter of Col. *Hutchens*, of that Territory. On the day after their marriage, Col. H. placed Capt. Claiborne in the *lap of ease*, by giving him a considerable fortune.

——, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Elisha Parker, to Miss Phebe Little, both of this City.

——, At Albany, Mr. *Henry Weaver*, to Miss *Margaret Ruby*.

The *web* that he wove caught her heart,
'Twas Hymen bid HENRY to smile,
'Twas Cupid that pointed the dart,
And a RUBY that crown'd all his toil.

Deaths.

DIED, last week, of the prevailing fever, *Morton Keely*, son of Mr. *Mathias Keely*, merchant of this City.

——On the 4th. inst. Mr. *John A. Jolly*, merchant, of Baltimore, in the 30th year of his age.

——, On the 7th inst. in the 42d year of his age, *Isaac Norris*, Esq. a native of this city.

——, On the 13th inst. Mr. *Sebastian Voight*, of the house of Hoover and Voight, merchants of this City.

——, In England, the Hon. Isaac Barre, member of the British Parliment; celebrated for the part he took in favour of the American Colonies in 1774, 5, &c. He was blind for several years before his death.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

From the AUTHOR *to his* WIFE, *on the Anniversary of their Marriage.*

THIS day completes just sixteen years,
Since I stood proudly by your side;
Since friends around with mirthful cheers,
All joyful hail'd my blushing bride.

The world we valued not a pin;
Our cares were few, tho' little wealth
Was then possess'd, we knew to win,
The way was wide, and we had health.

We tried to tread the up-hill way,
Which many millions trode before,
And tho' we sometimes stepp'd astray,
Yet Providence hath bless'd our store.

'Tis true our ups and downs we've had,
Now pleasure, and a sunny day:
Then storms have lour'd, and all was sad;—
But smiling love clear'd all away.

Of sweet content we've had our share;
Our cares not many, wants but few:
We sigh'd not after riches' glare,
And, God be prais'd, want never knew.

Come, fill the bowl, and let us joy,
Since time thus smoothly moves along;
Repress, my love, that heaving sigh,
And make us merry with a song.

I see your thoughts to Ireland stray,
And view thy parents grey with years;
Remember, they have had their day
Of youth and mirth, then banish fears.

Supported by the guardian arms
Of Him who blest their youthful days,
Religion yields unfading charms,
And glory beams as strength decays.

With us the silver hair begins
To mark with various hues our head;
Old age in this a triumph wins,
And o'er our face do wrinkles spread.

But why should we lament and grieve,
Because still drawing nearer home?
Let's taste of pleasure whilst we live,
And wait resign'd for what's to come.

See, round us rise a little band,
Joy fills their youthful hearts with glee:
With anxious eye, see how they stand
To catch a pleasing smile from thee.

They are, as you and I have been,
'Bout six and thirty years ago;
What troubles are they never ween,*
But bound with hearts as light's a roe.

O dear! don't you recall to mind,
How we by moon-light oft did play,
When all the ring in hands were join'd,
Or tossing on the new-mown hay.

I think, I hear my playmates' call:
I feel as if prepar'd to start,

NOTE.

* Ween, *an obsolete word, signifying*, to think.

To run the ring, or catch the ball,
Or lead the chase with merry heart.

O how we ran the mazy round,
And shot our bolts at folly's ring,
Heard pleasure's pleasing thrilling sound,
As gay as larks on flutt'ring wing.

'Tis true, these youthful days are past,
Our blood no more so rapid runs:
Youth's freaks and foibles cannot last,
Such follies age more wary shuns.

But come, we'll see our children play,
Laugh at their artless tales and jokes,
Why should not they enjoy their day,
And leave dull cares to older folks?

Mark you the sun, how faint his light!
Half lost, sinks in the western way,
A short time since in all his might,
Did downward dart a fervid ray.

Behold—he's gone—sunk in the west,
And darkness spreads her mantle o'er
Dame Nature's anxious, throbbing breast,
Where light so sweetly play'd before.

But soon again he'll grace our eyes,
And bless us with returning light;
From Nature's bosom banish sighs,
And break the bands of gloomy night.

So you and I, in life's dull road,
Tho' day by day our strength decline,
Are but approaching that abode
Where glory's beams unclouded shine.

Tho' death with all his terrors come,
We'll stand secure, his pow'r despise;
For soon we'll burst the darksome tomb,
And in the morn to glory rise.

Come we'll go see our children play,
Laugh at their artless tales and jokes,
Why should not they enjoy their day,
And leave dull cares to older folks.

SELECTED.

(Communicated for the Repository.)

THE STORM—AN ODE.

[*From* DRAKE'S *Literary Hours.*]

HEARD ye the whirlwind's flight sublime,
Swift as the rushing wing of Time?
The Demon rag'd aloud!
Vaunting he rear'd his giant form,
And tower'd amid the gath'ring storm,
Borne on a murkey cloud;
Vast horror shook the dome of heav'n,
As 'neath him far with fury driv'n,
The viewless depths of air,
Stern o'er the struggling globe he past,
While pausing Nature shrank aghast,
And thro' the troubled gloom wild yell'd the fiend Despair.

Servant of God! destructive pow'r!
Whilst due to wrath the direful hour,
Thou warn'st a guilty world,
When bursts to vengeance heav'ns blest Sire,
When lightens fierce the Almighty's ire,
On sin-struck nations hurl'd;
Thy terrors load my trembling shell,
Dread as the madd'ning tones that swell
O'er yonder bleak domain,
Where heaves thy deep, incessant roar,
That shakes the snow-topt mountain hoar,
And with resistless ruin strews th' affrighted plain.

Ah! what of hope's delicious ray,
As slow the Pilgrim takes his way,
Shall smooth his sinking soul,
As round him storms infernal rise,
Of ghastly hue, whose hideous cries
Thro' the vast ether roll,
And mingling in each surf-worn cave,
Fell spirits from the murderer's grave,
The deed of horror hail;
Saw ye the redd'ning meteor gleam?
Heard ye, with harsh and hollow scream,
Far o'er the dim cold sea the birds of ocean wail?

Fierce o'er the darkly-heaving waves,
The storm with boundless fury raves,
The sailor starts aghast,
His helm, to ruthless vengeance giv'n,
O'er the vast surge speeds idly driv'n,
As shrieks the hurrying blast:
Cease, Emma, cease to hope, in vain,
Thou ere wilt view thy lord again,
He never shall return!
Pale on the desert shore he lies!
No wife belov'd to close his eyes,
No friend in pitying tones his wave-drench'd limbs to mourn!

Hark! how the rough winds madd'ning sweep,
Bare the broad earth, and drifting deep,
The boreal deluge rage!
Here mountains shoot their wreath-topt heads,
Here lo! far sunk, the valley spreads
Her drear, her wild'ring maze!
O come, let's brave the northern blast,
Let's mark stupendous nature, cast
In many a form sublime.
I care not if, where Hecla towers,
Where wrapt in tempests winter lours
Stern on her ice-clad throne, I trace the hoary clime.

Protect me heav'n! 'neath yon huge drift,
Where to the clouds the wild winds lift
The waste in horror pil'd,
See, where yon shriv'ring female lies!
Lo! on her fainting bosom dies
Cold, cold, her infant child!
Daughter of woe! then doubly dear!
O'er thy sad fate how many a tear
The hapless mother shed!
And must we, cried she, must we part?
Then clasp'd thee to her shudd'ring heart,
Whilst in convulsive sighs thy little spirit fled.

Oh thou, who rul'st the fleeting year,
Who giv'st to roll the varied sphere,
Amid the vast of heav'n,
Now Father bend thine awful ear!
O bless me with a parent's care,
To thy protection giv'n;
Whether on ocean's bosom thrown,
Or plung'd where snow-clad mountains frown,
If thou my hallow'd guide
I heed not, let the tempest roar,
Let havoc and wild winter hoar,
And Terror's giant form the dark-brow'd whirlwind ride.